4d

THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE. A POEM.

Aggredere O magnos (aderit jam tempus) honores
Chara Deûm Soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum!
Aspice convexo nutantem Pondere mundum,
Terrasque, tractusque maris, Cœlumque profundum
Aspice, venturo lætantur ut omnia Sæclo!——Virgil.

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TO

Sir *Richard Blackmore*, Knt. M. D.

Fellow of the College of Phyſicians in *London*, and Phyſician in Ordinary to his Majeſty.

SIR,

I Hope you will pardon my Preſumption in prefixing your Name to ſo ſmall a Trifle. 'Tis the firſt Eſſay of a young Poet that has not yet reach'd his Twentieth Year; the firſt I mean that I have ventur'd to make Publick, and therefore having but little Experience to recommend me to the World, I make bold to chuſe you for my Guardian during my Minority. The favourable Judgment you've been pleas'd to make of ſome former Lines, makes me flatter my ſelf that you will not be leſs Indulgent to theſe; and I am proud to make this publick Acknowledgement of the kind Reception I have met with from ſo great and worthy a Perſon; One who has vindicated the Reputation of the Muſes from the Diſhonour reflected on 'em by the looſe Lives and Writings of ſome witty men, and has given the World a noble Inſtance that good Morals and good Poetry are very conſiſtent. But I muſt not proceed; trifling Preſents ought not to be uſher'd in with much Ceremony. I ſhall only add, that in a Senſe of the many Favours receiv'd from You, I ſhall always endeavour to approve my ſelf,

Sir,

Your moſt oblig'd,

and moſt humble Servant,

JOHN HUGHES.

The

THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE. A POEM.

HEAR, *Britain*, hear a rough unpractis'd Tongue!
Tho rough my Voice, the Muſe inſpires the Song;
The Heav'n-born Muſe; ev'n now ſhe ſprings her Flight,
And bears my raptur'd Soul thro' untrac'd Realms of Light.
We mount aloft, and in our airy way
Retiring Kingdoms far beneath ſurvey.
Amid the reſt a ſpacious Tract appears,
Obſcure in view, and on its Viſage wears
Black hov'ring Miſts, which thick'ning by Degrees,
Extend a lowring Storm o're Earth and Seas.

But, lo! an Eaſtern Light ariſing high,
Drives the tempeſtuous Wrack along the Sky!
Then thus the Muſe——Look down, my Son! and ſee
The bright Proceſſion of a Deity!
She ſpoke; the darkning Gloom was vaniſht quite,
And well-known *Europe* ſtands diſclos'd to Sight.

Of various States the various Bounds appear;
There wide *Hiſpania*, fruitful *Gallia* here!
Belgia's low Soil conſpicuous from afar,
And *Flandria*, long the Field of a deſtructive War.
Germania too, with cluſter'd Vines o'reſpread;
And lovely *Albion* from her watry Bed,
Beauteous above the reſt, rears her auſpicious Head.
Sea-Nymphs beneath her chalky Cliffs reſort,
And awful *Neptune* keeps his reedy Court;
His Daughter *Thames*, rich Preſents in her Hand
Of bounteous *Ceres*, traverſes the Land;
And ſeems a mighty Snake, whoſe ſhining Pride
Does thro' the Meads in ſinuous Volumes glide.

Ah, charming Iſle! faireſt of all the Main!
Too long thou doſt my willing Eye detain.

For

For see a Heroe on the adverse Strand!
And, lo! a blooming Virgin in his Hand!
All hail, Cœlestial Pair! —a Goddess she
Of Heav'nly Birth confest, a more than Mortal He!
Victorious *Laurels* on his Brows he wears;
Th' attending Fair a branching *Olive* bears.
Slender her Shape, in Silver Bands confin'd;
Her snowy Garments loosely flow behind,
Rich with embroider'd Stars, and ruffle in the Wind.
But once such differing Beauty met before,
When Warrious *Mars* did Love's bright Queen adore.
Ev'n Love's bright Queen might seem less winning fair,
And *Mars* submit to his Heroick Air.
Not *Jove* himself, Imperial *Jove* can show
A nobler Mien, or more undaunted Brow,
When his strong Arm thro' Heav'ns Æcherial Plains,
Compels the kindl'd Bolt, and awful Rule maintains.

And now embark'd they seek the *British Isles*,
Pleas'd with the Charge propitious Ocean smiles.
Before, old *Neptune* smooths the liquid way;
Obsequious *Tritons* on the surface play,
And sportful Dolphins with a nimble Glance
To the bright Sun their glist'ring Scales advance.

In oozy Beds profound the Billows sleep,
No clamorous Winds awake the silent Deep;
Rebuk'd, they whisper in a gentle Breeze,
And all around is universal Peace.

Proceed, my Muse! The following Pomp declare;
Say who, and what the bright Attendants were!
First *Ceres* in her Chariot seated high,
By harness'd Dragons drawn along the Sky;
A *Cornucopia* fill'd her weaker Hand,
Charg'd with the various Off-spring of the Land;
Fruit, Flowers, and Corn; her right a Sickle bore;
A yellow Wreath of twisted Wheat she wore;
Next Father *Bacchus* with his Tygers grac'd
The Show, and squeezing Clusters as he pass'd,
Quaff'd flowing Goblets of rich-flavour'd Wine.
In order last succeed the tuneful Nine;
Apollo too was there; behind him hung
His useless Quiver, and his Bow unstrung;
He touch'd his Golden Lyre, and thus he sung.

Lead on, bright *WILLIAM*! in thy happy Reign
Peace and the *Muses* are restor'd again.

War

War that fierce Lyon long diſdaining Law
Rang'd uncontroul'd, and kept the World in aw,
And trembling Kingdoms crouch'd beneath his Paw.
At laſt the reeling Monſter, drunk with Gore,
Falls at thy Feet ſubdu'd, and quells his Roar;
Tamely to thee he bends his ſhaggy Mane,
And on his Neck admits the long-rejected Chain.
At thy protecting Court for this bleſt Day,
Attending Nations their glad Thanks ſhall pay:
Not *Belgia*, and the reſcu'd Iſle alone,
But *Europe* ſhall her great Deliverer own;
Rome's mighty Grandeur was not more confeſt,
When great *Antonius* travell'd thro' the Eaſt,
And Crowds of Monarchs did each Morning wait
With early Homage at his Palace-Gate.
Haſte then, bright Prince! thy *Britain*'s Tranſports meet;
Haſte to her Arms, and make her Bliſs compleat!
What 'ere glad News has reach'd her liſt'ning Ear,
While her long abſent Lord provokes her Fear,
Her Joys are in ſuſpence, her Pleaſures unſincere.
He comes, thy Heroe comes! O beauteous Iſle!
Revive thy Genius with a chearful Smile!
Let thy rejoycing Sons freſh Palms prepare,
To grace the Trophies of the finiſh'd War;

On high be hung the Martial Sword inſheath'd,
The Shield with Ribbons dreſs'd, and Spear with Ivy wreath'd!
Let ſpeaking Paint in various Tablets ſhow
Paſt Scenes of Battel to the Crowd below!
Round this Triumphant Pile in ruſtick Dance
The ſhouting Swains ſhall hand in hand advance;
The wealthy Farmer from his Toils ſhall ceaſe;
The Ploughman from the Yoke his ſmoaking Steers releaſe,
And joyn to ſolemnize the Feſtival of Peace.
No more for want of Hands th' unlabour'd Field,
Choak'd with rank Weeds, a ſickly Crop ſhall yield;
Calm *Peace* returns; behold her ſhining Train!
And fruitful *Plenty* is reſtor'd again.——
Apollo ceas'd; —The Muſes take the Sound:
From Voice to Voice th' harmonious Notes rebound,
And echoing Lyres tranſmit the volant Fugue around.

Mean while the Steddy Bark with proſp'rous Gales
Fills the large Sheets of her expanded Sails,
And gains th' intended Port; thick on the Strand,
Like ſwarming Bees, th' aſſembl'd *Britons* ſtand,
And preſs to ſee their welcome Sov'reign land:
At his Approach unruly Tranſport reigns
In ev'ry Breaſt, and Rapture fires their Veins.

A general Shout ſucceeds, as when on high
Exploded Thunder rends the vaulted Sky.
A ſhort Convulſion ſhakes the ſolid Shore,
And rocks th' adjacent Deep, unmov'd before;
Loud Acclamations thro' the Valleys ring,
While to *Auguſta*'s Walls the Crowd attend their King.

And now behold * a finiſh'd Temple riſe,
On lofty Pillars climbing to the Skies!
Of Bulk ſtupendous its proud Pile it rears,
The gradual Product of ſucceſſive Years.
An inner Gate that folds with Iron Leaves
The charm'd Spectator's entring Steps receives:
Where curious Works in twiſted Stems are ſeen
Of branching Foliage vacuous between.
O're this a vocal Organ mounted high
On marble Columns ſtrikes the wondring Eye,
And feeds at once two Senſes with Delight,
Sweet to the Ear, and ſplendid to the Sight.
Marble the Floor, enrich'd with native Stains
Of various Dye, and ſtreak'd with azure Veins.
Ev'n Æmulous Art with Nature ſeems to ſtrive,
And the carv'd Figures almoſt breath and live;

* *The Quire of St. Paul's firſt opened on the Day giving Peace.*

The painted Altar, glorious to behold,
Shines with delightful Blue, and dazling Gold.
Here first th' illustrious Three of Heav'nly Race
Religion, *Liberty*, and *Peace* embrace;
Here joyful Crowds their pious Thanks express
For *Peace* restor'd, and Heav'ns Indulgence bless.
Auspicious Structure! Born in happy Days,
Whose first Employment is the Noblest, *PRAISE*!
So when by just degrees, th' Eternal Thought
His Six-Days Labour to Perfection brought,
With Laws of Motion first endu'd the Whole,
And bad the Heav'ns in destin'd Circles rowl;
Then polish'd Spheres commenc'd their Harmony;
All Nature in a Chorus did agree,
And the World's Birth-Day was a *Jubilee*.

FINIS.